

Draw

by Monkey and Cookee

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Summary: AU. Kuroko and Mayuzumi own a tattoo shop and Akashi gets dragged there one day by a bored Kuroko. Kise's a puppy, Mayu's questioning his life choices, Akashi's interested and Kuroko's watching the madness happen. Tattoo AU. Eventual MayuAka, KasaKise is mentioned too. -M.

1. Chapter 1

Monkey: Disclaimer? Disclaimed. Have fun!

* * *

><p>"Mayuzumicchi!" A cheerful voice called over the bell ringing above the open door. "I haven't seen you in ages!"<p>

The silver haired man behind the counter didn't look up from what he was working on. "You saw me two weeks ago."

"Exactly!" the blond walked in, making his way to his friend. He peered over Mayuzumi's shoulder to look at what he was drawing, "Koi fish?"

Mayuzumi nodded. "I have a client coming in later today that's getting this on their back."

"They're beautiful," Kise commented.

"Thanks."

They sat in silence for a few minutes, but Mayuzumi knew it wouldn't last. He was mentally counting down untilâ€"

"Mayuzumicchi," Kise whined, looking around.

Mayuzumi finally glanced up at the pouty blond. "Where's

Kasamatsu?"

"He's busy," Kise replied, walking around the counter so he could lean on it without getting in his friend's way. "Where's Kurokocchi?"

"He went out about an hour ago, don't know when he's coming back." By now he had already gone back to his sketch. This had been done since yesterday, but he was redoing it to find all the little spots that lacked perfection. His client hadn't had time to get it done before but wanted to line it all out today, and Mayuzumi never did anything but the best. He was a damn good tattoo artist if he was being honest.

He and Kuroko, another great tattoo artist, ran their shop, ShadowsX, together.

Kise came in all the time. Mayuzumi never knew where he found the time since he was a popular model right now. Kise was one of Kuroko's best friends (though the quiet blue-haired tattoo artist wouldn't openly admit that) and in the three years since their shop opened—"unfortunately"—Kise became one of Mayuzumi's best friends too. Mayuzumi swears it was an accident.

He and Mayuzumi had matching tattoos, but that was a story for another day.

Kise wasn't allowed to have tattoos, but he had a tiny one he kept a secret with the best makeup artists in the country helping him.

"Mayuzumicchi," Kise whined. Three years ago, he would've glared death at the blond. Mayuzumi secretly thought those days were less stressful than his life now.

"What?"

"I'm bored, and today's my first day off in two weeks!"

The silver-haired man snorted, adding the finishing touches to his koi fish. "You should really talk to Kasamatsu about that."

Kise laid his head down on the cold counter. "I think he's jealous that I did a shoot with Aominecchi the other day."

Mayuzumi tapped the blond to lift his head and look at the sketch. Kise gave a thumbs-up of approval. Mayuzumi put all his things away sans the sketch then patted the counter beside him. "Ok, tell me all your problems." He had learned over the years that a whiny Kise was an annoying one, and it was better to give him attention every once in a while.

Like a puppy, Kise jumped up and made his way back around the counter and sat up on it, scooting over so he was sitting right in front of Mayuzumi. The tattoo artist moved back a bit on his rolling chair to accommodate for having a blond model sitting between his legs.

He hadn't even liked Kise at first—he was too hyper. He didn't even know how he got to be this close and comfortable with this overgrown model puppy.

At least he was trained.

"Aominechhi and I did a shoot together last week," Aomine was a basketball player who sometimes modeled. He and Kise met in the business and with Kise's natural ability to be infuriatingly good at everything he tried, he and Aomine hit it off immediately and played basketball together every once in a while. "And then we went out for drinks." Kise kicked his feet like a kid, careful not to hit Mayuzumi. "I came home late, but I was fine! I was a little drunk, but that's just us having fun. I don't get to hang out with him often."

Mayuzumi put a hand on Kise's knee to stop his kicking. "Well, there's your problem."

"But I love Yukio!" Kasamatsu didn't like Kise calling him "Kasamatsucchi" or "Yukiocchi," at least not in public. "And Aominecchi and I are just friends! And he likes Kagamicchi!" Kise huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. Kagami was another basketball player he met through Aomine. They were on different teams and Kise often played against both.

"Have you told Kasamatsu that?"

"He doesn't like me gossiping about other couples."

"I meant that you love him."

"Every day."

"Do you do it seriously?"

Kise dropped down from the counter and settled himself on Mayuzumi's lap. The silver-haired man stared blankly as Kise wrapped his arms around his neck. Kise, who had a couple inches on Mayuzumi, got in a little closer. Having a gorgeous blond model this close and personal didn't affect Mayuzumi in the slightest.

And this was the team he batted for.

He wondered if it was just him so used to Kise or if he should look into asexuality.

"I love you," Kise whispered by his ear.

"I should tell Kasamatsu that you're cheating on him," came a new voice, startling Kise off Mayuzumi's lap, causing the tattoo artist to laugh at him.

"Ah! Kurokocchi!" Kise happily skipped over to the blue-haired man who stood just behind the counter. Kise hugged Kuroko, even after the tattoo artist tried to dodge him.

No one heard the bell ring when Kuroko came in.

"You're causing a scene in front of a client," Kuroko said, pointing to the redhead behind him.

"Possible client," the redhead amended. His red eyes had been staring

at Mayuzumi and didn't seem to notice the beautiful blond trying to squeeze the life out of Kuroko.

"Look what I had to deal with," Mayuzumi told Kuroko, pointing at their blond friend.

"Clearly there was too much sexual tension here," Kuroko said, waiting until Kise lost interest and let him go. Experience had taught them that no one could free themselves from one of Kise's hugs until the blond got bored of them.

"Kurokocchi! There's no sexual tension! Mayuzumicchi didn't react to me at all even when I was sitting on him! Did I lose my sex appeal?"

"Did you have any to begin with?" Kuroko deadpanned, finally released by the blond. He went to see the sketch on the counter. Kise whined and followed.

Mayuzumi snorted, then turned his attention to the redhead, who watched the whole scene with interest. "Sorry about all that. Are you looking to get a tattoo or a piercing?" They had another worker, Himuro, who did all their piercings, but he was off today.

"Tattoo. Though Tetsuya hasn't quite managed to convince me, but he invited me to come take a look around," the redhead said. "I'm Akashi Seijurou."

He nodded. "Name's Mayuzumi Chihiro." He pulled out a couple binders. "The blue one is some of Kuroko's work, the gray one is mine." He watched as Kuroko looked over his sketch.

"You have perfect lines here," Kuroko commented in approval. "Are they getting it in color?"

"Thanks and not today, they'll be here in about forty minutes though. You have any clients coming in today?"

"Two, both later though," Kuroko replied. He turned back to Akashi. "I'm sorry, Kise being here kind of throws us all off."

"You guys are so mean to me," Kise whined, pulling on Kuroko's sleeve.

Akashi shook his head. "I don't mind, I'm here taking up your time after all." He skimmed through some of Kuroko's work before looking at the gray binder. He looked up at Mayuzumi who finally stood up to ruffle Kise's hair and get him to pull away from Kuroko. While he was busy with the blond, Akashi opened the gray binder.

Kuroko's work was beautiful but so was Mayuzumi's. There was a delicate grace through some, a harsh sharpness through others, some soft, some fierce. He could see why he and Kuroko were starting to get really popular.

Kise popped up beside him. "You could also check out their Instagram! They have neat stuff on there too! By the way I'mâ€" "

"Kise Ryouta, I've seen some of your shoots." Akashi replied with a smile.

The blond lit up and started bouncing eagerly on his feet. Everyone could tell he was two seconds from talking their ears off.

"Oh no," Kuroko and Mayuzumi groaned.

"You're dealing with him." Mayuzumi immediately said.

"I dealt with him last time," Kuroko complained.

"We should call Kasamatsu," Mayuzumi decided as Kise started talking to Akashi all about his latest shoots and the kind of things he did, along with the people he met.

"Good idea. I'll go do that, you distract him." Kuroko disappeared into the back of their shop after stealing Mayuzumi's cell phone.

"Hey, that's not fair!" Mayuzumi groaned, but he saw that Akashi didn't seem bothered by the blond. Going by how he's dressed as a businessman, he must be used to dealing with people.

The silver-haired tattoo artist noticed Akashi had stopped turning the pages in the binder and was stuck on a particular tattoo.

Mayuzumi quirked a brow. "Do you want to get a tattoo of a flower?"

Akashi pulled his attention from Kise who was already getting the redhead's number—really, there was no escaping this blond once someone caught his interest (Mayuzumi once again prayed for Kasamatsu)—and looked down at the binder. "Oh, no, you just have amazing tattoos."

"Thanks. Let me know if you think of anything." He took one look at Kise, who was going on about something, and instead hightailed it to the back room where Kuroko was.

Kuroko had already gotten off the phone with Kasamatsu and was instead playing on Mayuzumi's phone. "So I spoke with Kasamatsu."

"Ok? Gimme my phone." Mayuzumi reached out, only to grumble when he heard the game music for Neko Atsume. It was a cute, relaxing game, dammit.

"He says to ask Kise to show us some pictures from his latest shoot." Kuroko pocketed Mayuzumi's phone.

"The one with Aomine? How bad can they be? Kise's already posed nude before."

Blue eyes stared blankly at him. "First, a love confession earlier, and now you admit to staring at Kise's nude shoots? Should I tell Kasamatsu to watch out for you stealing Kise from him?"

Mayuzumi smirked. "Go ahead, I found the magazine at your house."

Kuroko made his way out of the room. "I'll go see if Akashi needs help with Kise."

The other tattoo artist laughed. "Is he your friend?"

Kuroko paused under the threshold of the door. "We went to middle school together. We reconnected a year ago. He's going to be the owner of a company."

"What company?"

"Akashi Industries."

"Holy shit. So you're trying to convince him to get a tattoo suddenly?"

"He admits he's always wanted one, but has never decided on anything." Kuroko hesitated. "I'm not sure he'll let me tattoo him."

They heard Kise laughing about something.

>"We should go save your friend."<p>

"Yeah."

They walked out, and Mayuzumi went over to haul Kise away from Akashi.

"So you never told me you had some pictures of the shoot between you and Aomine," he said as Akashi went back to looking through the binder.

Kise grinned. "Oh yeah! I think I came out great in them!" he tapped away on his phone for a bit before nearly shoving his phone into Mayuzumi's face. Kuroko popped up beside him to take a look at the pictures. "It's a folder, feel free to swipe between them."

The first few were normal enough, both in various outfits to showcase their finest points, posing with each other. Aomine had a playful, sexy look, while Kise had a softer, alluring look.

And then the clothes started coming off.

That's nothing new for them—both were built like God himself photoshopped their abs (and they were very proud of them too) but they were closer here.

One picture had a shirtless Aomine with his back to the camera as he glanced at it over his shoulder. Most of Kise was covered by the basketball player, but Aomine had an arm wrapped around his waist, fingers disappearing under the waistband of Kise's pants.

Another picture had a side of them with Kise against a wall, this time while wearing a shirt long enough to go mid-thigh. And nothing else. That wouldn't have been too bad if Aomine wasn't stepping close to him, a leg between Kise's and a hand hiking up one of Kise's legs around his waist. His hand settled comfortably on Kise's thigh.

"This is like softcore porn," Mayuzumi blurted out. Kise was looking

at Aomine with half-lidded eyes, and the dark skinned basketball player was smirking down at him.

"No wonder Kasamatsu was angry," Kuroko commented as Mayuzumi pushed the phone away. They were scared to see what else would show up.

Kise pouted. "It's just a shoot! It's not any worse than that dominatrix shoot I did with Momoicchi and Aidacchi!"

Mayuzumi and Kuroko looked away to hide their faint blushes as they recalled the partial nudity on all three models, the leather, and the various instruments of painful pleasure that accompanied that shoot.

Kuroko cleared his throat. "Still, Kasamatsu might be a little worried."

Mayuzumi nodded. "Those pictures make it look like you're two steps away from jumping him."

Kise's pout got bigger. "I would never cheat on Yukio! I love him too much!"

"Then go tell him that," both artists said.

A glint of determination shined in Kise's eyes. "I'll make sure Yukio knows my love!" He looked at Akashi, who stared at them with amusement. "Do you believe me?"

"Yes. I believe in you, too."

Kise cheered. "I'll text you later guys!" He ran out of the shop yelling out Kasamatsu's name excitedly.

"He's annoying," Kuroko said, semi-fondly once the door closed.

"And stupid," Mayuzumi added.

Kuroko turned his sly blue eyes on him. "Funny, coming from the guy who has a matching tattoo with him."

Mayuzumi froze, quickly glancing at Akashi who had an interested look on his face, before settling his gaze on Kuroko. "Shut it, leave that in the past, it was years ago, we were drunk, it was an accident."

"Mhmm." Kuroko didn't look convinced. He stuck his tongue out at the taller male who flipped him off.

"Kise's not even my type."

"And what is your type?"

"Smaller, feistier, smarter?"

Kuroko took a step back.

"Not you, you conceited fucker."

Kuroko snorted, turning back to the redhead. "I'm so sorry, Akashi. We aren't normally like this."

The redhead put a hand up. "You all are very interesting."

Kuroko had to agree. "Did you decide on a tattoo?"

Akashi glanced at his watch. "I haven't thought of anything yet, but I'd like to do one. Not today though, I have to leave soon."

Kuroko nodded. "Have you decided which of us will tattoo you?"

"Maybe Chihiro?"

Mayuzumi blinked at the redhead's familiar way of using his name. Then he realized with dread that this might be like another Kise situation and prepared himself to have the redhead in his life. He wasn't hyper like Kise, how bad could it be? "Sure. Let me know when and what you want and I'll do my best to give it to you."

Red eyes widened for a fraction of a second before returning to normal. He smiled, and Mayuzumi's breath momentarily hitched.

Oh, Mayuzumi was going to regret this.

And going by the knowing look Kuroko shot him from behind Akashi, he knew he was right.

Akashi nodded. He turned to Kuroko. "I'll likely come next week, but I'll call if anything comes up."

"Alright. Let us know."

They watched Akashi leave, waiting until he got into a black car that came for him and drove off, before they spoke.

"No."

Kuroko looked innocent. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"He's not going to be another Kise."

"Don't want another matching tattoo?"

Kuroko was such a little shit.

It was then Mayuzumi's client came in with a smile, eager for their tattoo.

Mayuzumi greeted them before telling Kuroko, "Get lost you little terror, I'm busy."

Kuroko snorted but left Mayuzumi and his client alone.

With Akashi in the picture, Kuroko knew things were going to be interesting around here, which was good because he was bored.

Kuroko could do with spicing things up around here.

* * *

><p>Monkey: Thanks for reading! Please excuse any mistakes! Hopefully I'll update soon lol. Oh, what kind of tattoos should everyone have? And where? I'm still taking ideas lol.

2. Chapter 2

"Hey asshole, you have my lunch?" Mayuzumi called out over his shoulder without stopping what he was doing. He hadn't heard the bell ring when the door opened (both he and Kuroko were capable of doing this and they swore never to tell anyone how they did it), but he heard shuffling behind him.

The silver-haired tattoo artist, who was in the midst of tattooing a colorful hummingbird on a first-timer, turned around and didn't see Kuroko. Instead, he saw a redhead he hadn't seen in a month.

"You're not Kuroko," Mayuzumi commented.

His blue-haired coworker popped up just behind Akashi, holding a bag of takeout food. "Your observational skills are as amazing as always."

"Shut up." Mayuzumi went back to the girl he was tattooing. He wiped off some of the pink he was using. "How are you doing, sweetheart? Need a break?" His gentle voice surprised Akashi, who stood back as Kuroko walked over to look at the tattoo.

The girl, a young brunette with a small frown, shook her head slowly as Mayuzumi tattooed the beautiful bird over her hip. She felt a little shy now that there were other people watching her struggle to get her first tattoo.

"You sure?" Mayuzumi offered her a bottled water, which she accepted and took small sips from. "There's no rush, we can take a break."

"No, I want it to be over quicker," she said in a small, but firm voice.

Mayuzumi smiled, proud. "Alright, sweetheart, bear with me a little longer, we're almost done."

"I like the saturation of the colors you used," Kuroko commented, "your lines are perfect as usual."

"Thanks, I've been working hard on these." Mayuzumi glanced at Akashi. "Haven't seen you in a while."

Akashi watched the artist work on the reddened skin. "I was busy, things came up at the company."

"You getting something today?"

"Not yet."

A smirk graced Mayuzumi's features. He had finally reached the part

of the tattoo where he could apply the white. "Sounds like you're chickening out."

"No."

Kuroko was off by the front counter, looking at their appointments for the day. "We're full today."

"Right? I have two cover-ups today, too," Mayuzumi said. He worked quickly but diligently. It was his client's first tattoo and she picked a part of the body more prone to pain, but she was tough. He added some finishing touches in white and checked it over to make sure everything was perfect. "Alright, sweetheart, we're all done." He rubbed the ointment on it and told her about the aftercare treatment. She hugged him, a little teary eyed, then went and took care of her payment.

She left with a smile and Mayuzumi cleaned up before going to the takeout bag.

"Like it, sweetheart?" Kuroko mocked lightly as he got ready for a client coming in a half hour.

"Shut the fuck up," Mayuzumi replied around a mouthful of his burger.

"Chihiro, do you have any tattoos?" Akashi asked, noticing the taller looked like he didn't have any, or if he did they were covered by clothes.

Mayuzumi ignored Kuroko's snort from the other room. Instead, he nodded, his mouth full. He swallowed a bit, continuing, "I mean, I have a few all over, but I've got my main one on my back, and I'm working on my sleeves."

Akashi's eyes raked over Mayuzumi's body, completely covered in a long-sleeved shirt and pants. He didn't have any noticeable tattoos that couldn't be covered with clothes. Akashi wanted to see them. He wanted to expose the marked skin, curious to see what art he chose to display. But Mayuzumi continued eating, unaware of the looks Akashi was giving him. Akashiâ€"whose thoughts kept floating back to the silver-haired man while he was working this past monthâ€"wanted to get close enough to him to know all his tattoos. His thoughts weren't obsessive, but they were interested. Maybe it was the physique; the blank, slate-gray eyes; the snarky attitude; how he acted with his friends; even briefly, the sweetness he saw today with Mayuzumi's client.

Akashi was interested, but Mayuzumi was oblivious.

So Kuroko spilled some cherry soda on Mayuzumi's shirt.

It happened in an instant. Mayuzumi choked, jumping back after dropping his food on the counter. The cherry soda (which Akashi originally found an odd purchase since if he remembered correctly, Kuroko preferred vanilla shakes) spilled down from his shoulder, spreading down his chest and back. "Hey, what the fuck?!"

"Sorry." Kuroko pointed to the cable by his foot. "I tripped." He didn't look apologetic, and Akashi didn't mention that if he'd

tripped, the cherry soda might have hit Mayuzumi's pants, not all the way up to his shirt.

Mayuzumi groaned. "I might have a spare in my locker," he grabbed the bottom hem of his shirt, "go grab it for me."

"I don't know your locker combination," Kuroko said, even as he made his way to the backroom of their ship.

"Don't fuck with me, you know it," Mayuzumi rolled his eyes before pulling his shirt off. He grimaced. "I'm all sticky now."

Kuroko took his sweet time as Akashi took advantage of it.

Mayuzumi hadn't been lying when he said he was working on his sleeves. There was a lot going on; Akashi could tell there was a blue and red Chinese dragon winding up Mayuzumi's upper left arm and there were words and smaller tattoos and bigger tattoos. He had a tattoo of something on his left hip, but he shifted and Akashi couldn't tell what it was. He couldn't keep his red eyes off that fair and marked skin. Lines of black, spots of color, designs of all things.

And then Mayuzumi turned around.

Akashi's eyes roamed the muscular, tattooed back. In particular, a tattoo of an old tree that spanned most of his back. There was an owl perched on one of the bigger branches; it was strangely beautiful, with the contrast of a moon covered by some of the branches in the background.

Akashi wanted to see all of them. He wanted to trace the designs of every single tattoo, and be there to see art cover more and more of Mayuzumi's skin.

That's when he realized Kuroko was right.

* * *

><p>Kuroko yawned as he walked to ShadowsX one morning. He pulled his phone out when it vibrated in his pocket.<p>

It was Akashi, asking if he was free.

Kuroko thought for a bit, then decided to call him. Just as Akashi picked up, Kuroko spoke first, "Which way do you swing?"

There was a long pause before Akashi replied, "Why?"

"Mayuzumi's single."

"I thought you wanted me to get a tattoo, not a boyfriend?"

Kuroko wondered if he could get Himuro in on this too. "You could do both. Stick it to your father."

"What happened to the sweet Tetsuya I knew in middle school?"

"He grew up."

"TouchÃ©." Kuroko opened his mouth to speak when Akashi continued, "I

do want a tattoo but I haven't picked anything yet and Chihiro seems like he wouldn't like me."

"Are you kidding? You're exactly his type."

"Like what? Small, feisty, smart?"

"Exactly. He described you perfectly. Sans the controlling and manipulative issues you have."

"That's only in my company. I need to have a strong foundation if I'm to take over for my father."

Kuroko sent him a picture of Mayuzumi he'd taken a week ago, when the taller tattoo artist had taken a nap at the front of the counter after lunch. Kuroko was using it for blackmail purposes, but no one needed to know that.

"Ok? I see the picture, he looks at peace?"

"Do you think he's cute?"

"â€| "

"Hot, then? Come on, even I can admit he's attractive." Kuroko turned the corner and saw his shop just up ahead. "But if you tell him that, I'll end you."

He could feel Akashi smirking over the phone. "I'm just not looking for a relationship right now, Tetsuya."

Kuroko sent Akashi more sneak pictures of Mayuzumi, including one where he had a flower in his hair because Himuro thought it would look cute on him. It did, despite the murderous look accompanying him when he realized Kuroko had taken a picture.

"Why do you have so many pictures of Chihiro?"

"â€| Blackmail purposes."

"Maybe you're the one with a crush?"

"I think I just threw up a little." Kuroko walked into ShadowsX, waving at Himuro, who was setting up his piercing station.

"Morning, Kuroko," Himuro greeted with a smile.

Kuroko nodded at him and repeated the greeting. "But seriously though, give it some thought, I know you two very well, and I think you two would be good for each other. I'll talk to you later." They said their goodbyes and Kuroko hung up, then went to start setting up his own station. Mayuzumi was off today, and Kuroko watched Himuro walk around with a smile.

Kuroko had an idea. "Hey, Himuro?"

* * *

><p>So Akashi had thought about it. Mayuzumi was his typeâ€"tall, snarky, attractive, and doesn't seem to take any shit; though he has

a soft spot for Kise and Kuroko that anyone with eyes could see, not that he'll ever admit it. Akashi never thought about tattoos, but he was curious.<p>

And now here was the silver-haired man, midway through putting on his other shirt, hiding away the tattoos again.

"Ugh, I'm in dire need of a shower now. Watch where you're going, Kuroko," Mayuzumi said. Then he noticed Akashi's staring.

"What?"

Akashi blinked out of his reverie, catching the end of Kuroko's smirk as he turned around to put Mayuzumi's stained shirt into his locker. He also noticed Kuroko pocketing his phone. He might ask Kuroko if he took any pictures later. "Oh. You have a lot of tattoos." Here was the future heir of Akashi Industries, nearly loss for words after seeing an exposed, tattooed chest and back.

Mayuzumi went back to his half-eaten burger. It had landed on the paper so he deemed it safe to continue eating. A stained shirt wasn't enough to ruin his appetite. At least no customers came in. "Yeah, there's still plenty more I want though."

The door opened with the bell announcing the return of their other coworker, Himuro.

The body piercer walked in with a smile. "Afternoon, everyone," he had a big plastic bag in his hands. His gray-black eyes settled on the redhead. "Oh, hi there. Piercing?"

Akashi stared, noticing the many piercings on both of Himuro's ears. He wouldn't be able to hide those at all from his father before he took over the company. He shook his head. "No. I'm Akashi Seijurou."

Himuro chuckled. "My name's Himuro Tatsuya. Who's tattooing you? Are they making you wait?"

"Neither because he's chickening out." Mayuzumi replied for him, peeking at the bag.

"I'm not chickening out."

"Is that from Murasakibara?"

"Yes it is, he sent some special pastries for you guys."

Mayuzumi rushed around the counter, having just finished his burger. He reached out for the bag.

Himuro took a step back. "Magic word?"

"Sadist?" Mayuzumi offered.

Himuro rolled his eyes but gave him the bag. Kuroko was already crowding around the taller tattoo artist as both tried to get the bag. They elbowed each other a bit but Mayuzumi's height trumped Kuroko's. He pulled out a stuffed paper bag, leaving Kuroko with the plastic bag. Mayuzumi grinned and carefully waved the paper bag around triumphantly. Kuroko stuck his tongue out him.

"I didn't know you guys liked sweets," Akashi commented to Kuroko, who pulled another paper bag, and Mayuzumi, who opened his bag and pulled out a pastry.

"We don't," the tattoo artists replied.

"Murasakibara's a god in the kitchen," Mayuzumi bit into his pastry and closed his eyes in pleasure. "I only like lemon-flavored sweets."

"Should I tell Himuro that you're aiming to steal Murasakibara from him?" Kuroko asked, pulling out some delicious, vanilla sugar cookies.

Mayuzumi rolled his eyes. "Why do you think I'm gunning for everyone's boyfriend? Murasakibara's like eight feet tall, he's not my type." He paused. "No offense, Himuro."

"None taken," the piercer said, going over to his station to set up.

"Tell him we say thanks," his coworkers chorused.

Mayuzumi noticed Akashi eyeing the bread in his hands. "Do you like sweets?"

"Not particularly."

The taller man reached into the bag and held out a cookie for him. "Try it, you'll love it."

The redhead hesitated, but took it. Neither of them noticed Himuro and Kuroko freeze in surprise, watching the scene. Mayuzumi defended his lemon-flavored sweets to the death and never shared.

Akashi brought the cookie to his lips, then took a small bit as Mayuzumi went digging around for another cookie. "Oh. This is delicious." He ate the rest of the cookie, then took another when Mayuzumi offered him the bag.

They were caught up with the lemon pastries and didn't see Himuro and Kuroko disappear into the backroom, closing the door behind them.

"Is that the guy you were telling me about?" Himuro asked, texting his pastry chef boyfriend that as always, his sweets were a hit.

"Yes, will you help me?"

"You know I don't approve of forced matchmaking," Himuro leaned against the wall opposite of the door.

"They're basically doing it themselves," Kuroko waved off his concerns. "We'll just be giving them a little push here and there."

"Wasn't Mayuzumi wearing a different shirt than this morning?"

"I spilled cherry soda on him, so Akashi could see his tattoos."

"That's a bit more than a little push." Himuro quirked a brow at him.

"Mayuzumi's an idiot."

Himuro smiled fondly. "And he's one of your best friends, you think he'll be happy with Akashi?"

"There's potential."

Himuro sighed. "I won't have any part in this."

Kuroko ate another cookie.

"But I can bring more sweets."

Kuroko nodded. "I'm sure it won't take long." He opened the door as Himuro followed him out.

"I hope you know what you're doing." They saw Akashi and Mayuzumi laughing together as they shared the bag of sweets.

"I don't, but how hard can it be?"

* * *

><p>Monkey: I'm having fun with this story lol. Thanks for favoriting and following! You guys are great!

3. Chapter 3

Mayuzumi had him crowded against a wall. Akashi was looking up, defiant, but Mayuzumi smirked down at him, knowing he could overpower the smaller man anytime he wanted.

Akashi knew it too, maybe that's why he didn't bother fighting back when Mayuzumi leaned down and kissed him.

It was soft as first; just getting a feel for the other's lips, almost like they were shy. Mayuzumi stepped a little closer, but it was Akashi grabbing onto the front of his shirt and forcing them closer that changed the moment.

There were tongues and teeth and soft, breathy moans that only the other could hear. Mayuzumi abandoned Akashi's lips and started kissing down his jaw, down his neck, sucking on one area hard enough to bruise. He kissed it softly when he finished, then went back to kissing Akashi, who had his fingers threaded through silver hair, pulling on it.

Akashi didn't even notice when Mayuzumi's hand started to travel down Akashi's body, but soon it was teasing the waistline of his pants before slipping inside.

"Ah, fuck," Akashi breathed out when Mayuzumi reached between his legs.

The taller man chuckled; the sound so close to Akashi's ear that he shivered. "You're so responsive; I thought you'd keep your composure a bit more." He stroked Akashi's length up and down, teasingly, like he wanted to draw this out.

Akashi narrowed his eyes. He could feel Mayuzumi was hard too, but made no movements to help him. "Shut up."

Mayuzumi smirked again, that asshole, then kissed him as he continued to work Akashi to an orgasm.

He was close, so close, Akashi's breaths were coming in quicker. He stifled other sounds from escaping him, closer and closer untilâ€"

Akashi opened his eyes and realized it was just a dream. His room was darkâ€"there was light coming in from the moonlight, which told him it was way too early for him to be awake.

He groaned softly, turning on his side and closing his eyes.

So he must be about twelve to be having dreams like that.

How embarrassing.

Akashi reached over to his nightstand in search of his phoneâ€"4:40 a.m.

Well, it wasn't as early as he thought. He could get up and start getting ready for work now.

He brought the sheets up over his head.

Damn Tetsuya and his attempt at getting him a boyfriend, giving him these weird dreams. His dream self hadn't even managed to free Mayuzumi of his shirt to expose his tattoos.

Akashi fought off a blush and decided to head to the shower. He shut off his phone alarm for the day and went to the bathroom connected to his room. He had a long day ahead of him at Akashi Industries but this was his life and he was content with that.

The tattooâ€! he wanted one. He wanted one he could hide with his business clothes. His father was overly strict with him, even now at twenty-two, so he wanted to hide it from him as well. But a boyfriend? He hadn't thought about that in so long. He had no desires to have one at this time. Maybe once he was settled in with his company, once his father was out of the picture.

But Tetsuya's pictures and not-so-subtle hints and pushes kept Akashi's thoughts straying to the silver-haired tattoo artist.

Akashi stood under the spray of the shower, the cold water instantly waking him and keeping certain other parts of him from waking up. He sighed before he started washing himself off. It was just going to be one of those days, wasn't it?

It was. It was barely noon and Akashi had already dealt with his

father twice, had to fix three emergencies, fired a worker for prolonged incompetence, dealt with whiny coworkers who themselves superior to him because they were older which Akashi couldn't stand, comforted a secretary who got yelled at by his father, and realized thatâ€"with his wallet at homeâ€"he would have to eat the less than great food provided in the company cafeteria.

He just wanted to get away from this all and take a break at ShadowsX.

He clocked out at three on the dot, giving himself an early out, and went straight to the tattoo shop, hoping that Tetsuya would cheer him up and that maybe Chihiro would be there. He didn't know what days Chihiro worked and he didn't want to askâ€"so he didn't appear creepy and so Tetsuya wouldn't be smug about Akashi having some interest in the tattoo artist.

When he got to ShadowsX, it became apparent that Tetsuya was having one of those days as well.

"Everything alright, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked, once he stepped in and saw a pouting tattoo artist at the counter. Chihiro wasn't around and neither was Tatsuya.

Kuroko noticed him but didn't move from his position of sitting on the rolling chair with his head tilted back, staring blankly at the ceiling. He spun slowly around a bit, barely phased by the motion of it. "Just one of those days." He stopped spinning enough to give Akashi a look. "Mayuzumi's not here today. Neither is Himuro. It's just me today."

"I understand you. And I'm not here to see them, though how do you manage to be the only worker here?"

"Mayuzumi's off, and Himuro took the day to see his sick grandmother."

Akashi winced, taking a seat on the chair at the other side of the counter. "Will she be alright?"

Kuroko continued spinning. "Oh, she'll outlive us all, but Himuro's nice enough to go see her every time she's sick."

The redhead chuckled. "Has it been busy?"

"Surprisingly." Kuroko stopped spinning and regarded him with a blank stare. "Have you given any thought to giving Mayuzumi a chance?"

"You say that like he's propositioned me."

"You're avoiding the question."

Akashi sighed, leaning back in the chair. It honestly wasn't very comfortable, but he figured it wasn't supposed to be, since it was just at the front counter. "I was here about two weeks ago and hadn't given him much thought, since I've been busy with work, but this morning I had a weird dream." Red eyes rolled before looking knowingly at Kuroko, who didn't even bother to hide a growing smirk.

"That might just be enough to make my day."

"I'm sure." Akashi glanced around the shop. "Do you have more appointments today?"

"I've got three coming in later today." Kuroko went back to spinning.
"That's not including walk-ins."

"Do you get a lot of those?"

"Not really, people like to plan things out. Though one time Mayuzumi had his hands full when it was a rare day without appointments and a walk-in came, wanting the gates of hell opening up to heaven on his back." Kuroko finally stopped spinning and reached for the gray binder, opening it and flipping through the pages until he stopped on the one he mentioned. "It took him about eight hours to do it, and he still wasn't done. The client came back two weeks later to get it finished." He paused, reaching for his own binder of work. "I once did a walk-in, who wanted a huge back piece of a forest scene with a bear standing near the front and some cubs in the background." He showed him the back tattoos. "It was a nightmare to get through, the first round took about seven hours."

Akashi let his eyes stay on the picture. "You two are incredibly talented."

"Sure." Kuroko waved away the compliment, but Akashi knew he was happy to hear his work praised. "Was work that bad that you came here?"

"It was. I just needed a break from it all." Akashi eventually leaned back in the chair.

"Tell me about the dream."

"No."

Kuroko snickered, standing up and stretching before going over to his station to start preparing for the next client. "I bet I can guess what happened."

"It's all your fault, Tetsuya. Take responsibility."

"I am. I'm trying to get you a boyfriend."

Before Akashi could say anything else, the next client walked in. It was a bald man who had a neck tattoo from what Akashi could see. Kuroko welcomed him, and they started working on a tattoo: a grim reaper piece that would span his upper arm. The client was being picky and after four sketches, he finally settled on a piece.

Kuroko was a calm man. It took a lot to rile him up, and it was so rare that Akashi nearly thought him incapable of getting upset, but it definitely happened. Kuroko was a trained tattoo artist and could deal with people, so he knew sometimes clients could get fussy. Of course, he would do whatever he could to make sure they would leave with a tattoo they liked. But this man was starting to push it.

Three times already he'd told Kuroko he didn't like how he was shading it or the colors he was using, even though they had already set up the colors. It was alright, he could do this. He would never let a client leave unhappy with something that would permanently stay on their skin.

So when the man started complaining about his tattoo once Kuroko finished, his patience was starting to run low.

Akashi asked if he needed someone to intervene or kick them out but Kuroko assured him he was fine.

The next client got angry with him for how much it hurt, even though he told her rib tattoos tend to hurt more because they were tattooing over bone. What did she expect?

His reprieve was a walk-in, who just wanted their baby's name on their chest.

Then his last customer was a bit of a nightmare.

If the man from earlier was fussy, this lady came in already telling Kuroko she wouldn't like his tattoo. He tried telling her to find another place if she was so sure she wouldn't like her tattoo, but she said she only wanted to do it here. Kuroko was hesitant with this kind of client—usually it was Mayuzumi who handled them because he had a way of dealing with them. Akashi cleared his throat once but Kuroko shook his head—he was still alright, he could deal with this customer. It took five sketches for them to decide on a tattoo of a serpent wrapped around the tree of knowledge. He had already started working on it when the client changed her mind about liking it and so he sat there, free-handing the changes before applying them and hoping they'd be enough.

Akashi knew Kuroko could handle himself but he still kept wanting to tell the client off so instead he went on his phone to respond to the emails he missed for leaving work early.

This kind of client made Kuroko nervous and he just wanted to go home; it was already a rough day. He didn't need to essentially cover-up his own tattoo as he was doing it.

"Why are you here?" Kuroko turned around to see the front door which opened without the sound of the bell, signaling that it was Mayuzumi.

The taller tattoo artist gave a short wave. "Was a little bored and wanted to swing by and see how you were doing."

"I'm in the middle of tattooing. You can see I'm busy."

Mayuzumi raised a brow. "Ok?" He saw Akashi looking at him from behind the counter. He gave a small wave. "Yo, you keeping Kuroko company or are you waiting for him to tattoo you?"

"I'm not getting a tattoo today." Akashi told him.

Mayuzumi smirked. "Bet you're not gonna get anything." He walked over to Kuroko, whose client eyed him warily. "Kuroko, I like your shading here," he pointed at the upper part of the tattoo, "but I think a bit

more over here would really help out."

Kuroko frowned at him. "The shading is fine."

"Who are you?" the client asked before Mayuzumi could say anything else. She eyed him like he was so suspicious for being in a tattoo shop. Maybe he should start showing up in just tank tops so he could show off his tattoos.

"I'm one of the other workers here."

"Are you saying he's not doing a good job on my tattoo?"

"He's doing a great job, but it's always good to give pointers or advice."

The lady narrowed her eyes at Kuroko. "Are you going to do as he says?"

Kuroko sighed, pulling the needle away from her reddened skin.
"Mayuzumi, please leave."

"Kuroko, I hope you know I'm not insulting your work-"

"Leave. You're not even supposed to be here today."

It wasn't the same playful tone the smaller tattoo artist always used, so Mayuzumi put his hands up in defense and took a few steps back. He left them alone and went over to Akashi.

"He's had a long day," Akashi told him.

"I can tell." Mayuzumi huffed and made his way out the door. "See ya."

Akashi watched him walk away until he was out of sight. He sighed. He didn't get to have a conversation with him. Not that he was blaming Kuroko or anything.

Not that he wanted to talk to him, not that he was able to look at him today thanks to the dream he had.

About twenty minutes later, just a couple before Kuroko finished, the door opened and closed without anyone in the shop noticing.

Akashi, who was on his phone checking the stock market, looked up in time to see Mayuzumi approaching the counter while holding a vanilla milkshake in his hand. Mayuzumi put his finger up to his lips to keep Akashi from saying anything, and quietly set the shake on the counter. He winked at Akashi and silently made his way back out of the shop.

Kuroko never even noticed.

A couple minutes later, the tattoo artist finally finished and he made sure to triple check that the lady liked it. She did, and she gave him a big smile and apologized for being terrible to him, she had just had a terrible day.

Kuroko told her he knew the feeling and that it was all ok as he put

the ointment on her followed by the bandage and told her the aftercare instructions. She went to pay and thanked him once again and when Kuroko went to sit at the counter, he saw the shake there, innocently waiting for him. He looked at Akashi, who gave him a small smile.

"It was Chihiro."

Kuroko sighed. He took it, and yup, it was delicious. Just what he was craving after a day like this. He took his phone out, and sent Mayuzumi an apology text and thanked him right after, saying he was right about the shading and that he owed him.

Mayuzumi sent him back an emoji with its tongue sticking out and told him to buy some of Murasakibara's lemon meringue pie for him when he went back to work tomorrow. Kuroko sent back a middle finger emoji but agreed.

Kuroko practically dropped himself onto the rolling chair next to Akashi and happily drank the rest of his shake. "It's been a long day."

"It's just been one of those days for everyone."

"Except Mayuzumi."

"He's sweet."

Kuroko rolled his eyes. "Will you tell me about the dream?"

"No."

"Was that the first one?"

"Yes."

Kuroko smirked at him, biting on the straw in his mouth. "Won't be the last."

"Why am I friends with you?"

"Who knows?"

The only sound in the shop was the sound of Kuroko loudly slurping up the rest of his vanilla shake. He looked curiously at Akashi.

"Will alcohol get you to talk?"

"No."

"Then, let's go get some dinner and drinks, we need it. You could also tell me about your day."

"Ok, but alcohol isn't going to get me to tell you about my dream."

It did.

And Kuroko added it to his list of blackmail.

* * *

><p>Monkey: Thank you so much for reading! I'm glad people are liking it! I'm having a hard time writing Akashi's character since he's not in the "emperor mode i will break your ankles motherfucker" mode but I'm trying lol. Thanks for favoriting/alerting/reviewing! It makes me so happy!**

4. Chapter 4

"Mayuzumicchi!"

The silver-haired man groaned, squinting his eyes at the screen after he picked up. "Remind me to block your number."

"You know, if you and Kurokocchi didn't love me so much, I would think that you hate me." He could feel Kise pouting on the other end.

Mayuzumi sighed, sitting up in bed. His sheets pooled around his waist, leaving his exposed chest to feel the cold of the room. "We do, unfortunately, love you. So what's up?"

"Come pick me up!"

"Huh? From where?" He'll never admit it, but he was already looking for a shirt to wear.

"My house!"

Mayuzumi paused. "Why?"

"Come bar hopping with me!"

"What? No, go hang out with Kasamatsu."

"He's busy!" Kise whined. "Please? This weekend's my last days off before I'm booked for a week straight."

"Why not stay at home and watch a movie?" He sat down at the edge of his bed, a black short-sleeved shirt in his hands.

"Fine! I'll just go out drinking by myself!"

That was a terrible idea. Mayuzumi jumped up, putting the phone on speaker as he put on his shirt. "No! Don't do that, I'll be there in fifteen."

"Yay! See you in a bit!"

The tattoo artist made himself presentable, grabbed his phone, wallet, and keys, and called for a taxi.

Luckily, he didn't have work tomorrow because drinking with Kise meant they'll both be drunk straight through the next day.

Hopefully, there won't be more matching tattoos to remember

tonight.

By the time Mayuzumi got to Kise and Kasamatsu's place, Kise was already waiting outside with a grin.

Mayuzumi half-heartedly patted the blond's back when he ran up to hug him. "Did you let Kasamatsu know you'd be out drinking with me?"

"Yep! He sends his blessings and apologizes in advance!"

"Please be kind to my liver."

"Let's go!"

They hit three bars in less than two hours. Mayuzumi was surprised by the little recognition Kise was getting but maybe that was because it was nearly midnight and only idiots like them were out and about.

"Ah! Aominecchi!"

Oh. Looks like they weren't the only idiots.

The blond practically tackled the taller basketball player in a hug. "Kise? Mayuzumi?" Mayuzumi had down two of Aomine's tattoos already, and with Kise as a mutual friend, they felt like old friends. "What are you guys doing here?"

"Bar hopping!" Kise cheerfully replied, pulling Aomine over to their table.

"Regretting all the choices in my life that have led me here," Mayuzumi deadpanned before throwing back a shot of tequila. It was his preferred poison.

Aomine winced. "Already drunk?"

"Nope. That's the problem." Mayuzumi asked the bartender for another round of shots.

Kise handed one to Aomine. "So, why are you all by yourself?"

They downed the shot before Aomine spoke, "I was here earlier with Kagami."

"Oooh~!" Kise sing-songed, elbowing Aomine in the side.

"Shut up," Aomine lightly pushed Kise away. The blond didn't hesitate to cling to Mayuzumi, who gave Aomine a "what can you do?" look and ordered another round. "How many bars have you guys hit?"

"Three," Mayuzumi replied. "We literally don't stop until we drop, so I'd say we have another two bars to go to at least, if not like, four more probably." Kise was nearly snuggling into Mayuzumi's side. The tattoo artist patted his head and asked Aomine, "Wanna join us?"

"Sure, but only for a couple bars, then I'm heading home."

"Great," Mayuzumi nodded. "Come join us in hell."

Kise cheered and ordered another round for them.

After the fourth bar, Mayuzumi lost track of how many bars they patroned. Kise was a happy, loveable, loud drunk. Aomine, who wasn't quite drunk but well past tipsy, was a funny and loud drunk.

Mayuzumi was well, he was trying not to talk so much so people wouldn't know.

The three of them just left another bar as Kise was being held up by the other two.

"I'm having so much fun with you two, I love you guys so much!" Kise told him, stumbling more into the basketball player.

Aomine grinned at them. "You guys are great drinking buddies."

"I'm gonna call us a cab," Mayuzumi announced, transferring most of Kise's weight onto the basketball player as he pulled out his phone.

He scrolled through his contacts, momentarily forgetting who he was looking for, but then found the number he wanted.

It picked up after a couple rings.

"Hello?"

Mayuzumi blinked. "Kuroko? You're not the taxi company."

"Is that Kurokocchi? Kurokocchi! Kurokocchi!" Kise called out excitedly, moving closer to the phone.

"Don't tell me you two went bar hopping again?" There was shuffling on the other end of the line as Kuroko spoke to someone else.

"Yeah, we did. We even met up with Aomine. You won't believe how well this guy can hold his liquor." Mayuzumi answered. "We all had such a good time together."

"Yeah, you're definitely drunk," Kuroko muttered.

"Nah, you're flattering me, you guys just drank way more than I did," Aomine said, stumbling a bit under his and Kise's combined weight and not helping his point.

"Mayu, what streets are you guys on?"

"I love when you call me that, it reminds me that you care despite your tsundere nature."

"Streets, Mayu," Kuroko repeated.

Mayuzumi rattled off the streets they were on.

"Ok, you three, stay there, we'll be there soon."

The three of them walked to a nearby bench and plopped themselves down on it.

"You two don't fuck around when it comes to drinking," Aomine commented, watching in interest as Kise made himself comfy on Mayuzumi's lap, who sighed and let the model do as he wanted.

"Yeah, we don't do this often." Mayuzumi told him. "One time we got matching tattoos."

Aomine raised a brow. "Of what?"

Mayuzumi showed him his, then moved Kise to show him the one he had.

Aomine laughed. "That's adorable."

"Kasamatsu found it hilarious," Mayuzumi sighed.

"That's because Yukio likes you," Kise added, surprising the other two.

"I thought you were asleep?"

"Nah."

"Anyway, yeah, at least Kasamatsu wasn't angry," Mayuzumi leaned back against the bench. "Kuroko won't ever let me live it down though."

"Because you of all people should know tattoos and alcohol don't mix," came Kuroko's voice as he walked towards them from the street. There was a familiar black car behind him and someone else walked out of it.

"Akashicchi! Are you our taxi?" Kise asked, trying to hug Kuroko, who was trying to get Kise to stand up.

The redhead helped him, along with Aomine. "More or less." He turned to Mayuzumi once Kise was on his feet. "Chihiro, are you ok?"

Mayuzumi waved off his concern. "It'll take more than a night of drinking to take me down." He accepted Akashi's outstretched hand to help him stand as Kuroko and Aomine walked Kise to the car.

Once everyone was safely buckled in, with Kuroko handing each a barf bag just in case, Akashi drove off.

"Kise lives closer to here; we'll drop him off first. Aomine doesn't live too far from him, and the Mayuzumi's the furthest out, so he'll be last," Kuroko said.

"Hey! Let's play some music in here! Someone plug my phone in!" Kise said, wiggling around from his middle seat in the back.

"No, it's four in the morning; we're keeping things quiet."

Kise pouted, then turned to the other tattoo artist. "Mayuzumicchi,

Kurokocchi's being mean."

Aomine snickered at them as Mayuzumi simply placed Kise's head on his shoulder. "Sleep."

Kuroko gave Akashi directions, and every once in a while, red eyes would flicker back to the rearview to see a particular drunk who was watching the scenery pass him by.

They dropped off Kise and Aomine, then Kuroko switched to the backseat to join Mayuzumi just in case. Akashi parked the car in Mayuzumi's driveway, then went to help Kuroko with getting the silver-haired man into the house.

"Hey, I forgot to ask. Why are the both of you together so late?" Mayuzumi asked, handing Kuroko his keys when the shorter man held his hand out for them.

"I was sleeping over at Akashi's place." Kuroko answered, unlocking the door and leading them inside. Just as they had done with Kise and Aomine, they were going to help him get to bed, safe and sound.

"I see." Mayuzumi nodded. He smiled at them. "Why didn't you tell me you guys are dating? You guys are so cute together."

Akashi tripped and nearly took Mayuzumi down with him.

Kuroko froze and gave him a "how can you be this stupid?" look.

Mayuzumi, in his drunken state, misunderstood their reactions. He laughed, proud of himself. "I'm right, huh? So cute."

Kuroko muttered profanities as he walked into the kitchen, while Akashi helped the taller man get to his room.

Kuroko walked in with two glasses of water and a bottle of aspirin. He set one glass on a nightstand, then set the other glass and the pills on the other nightstand a little further away from the bed. He searched for some sticky notes to write notes for when Mayuzumi woke up. The man in question was now in the midst of stripping.

Kuroko spared a glance at the redhead whose face nearly matched his hair and smirked.

"You guys are great," Mayuzumi told them, in nothing but a pair of boxers as he sat on his bed. Kuroko brought him a trash can to put beside the bed in case he needs it. "Not that you need it, but you have my blessings." He motioned them to come closer. They stepped closer to him, then a little more when he kept telling them to come closer.

Once they were close enough to his face, he pulled them in for a hug, lightly kissing the top of their heads.

"I love you guys," he said before releasing them, then lying down on top of his sheets. He was out within seconds.

Akashi stood there, blushing. Kuroko blinked a couple times before pouting. He scribbled another note and put it on one of the glasses

of water.

"Let's go."

They made their way out of the house, heading towards the car.

"He was drunk, right?"

"Unfortunately."

"Does he have a low tolerance?"

"Just the opposite. He and Kise have an unnaturally high tolerance but once they're completely wasted, it's like a switch flips."

"So," Akashi began, turning on the ignition and reversing out of the driveway. "Does he always kiss people?"

"No." Kuroko groaned. "He thinks we're dating. How can he be so stupid?"

"Will he remember anything?"

Kuroko shrugged. "We'll find out. I now have so much more blackmail on him though."

They drove off, going back to Akashi's place. There was no way they'd get enough sleep now, but at least their friends were safe and sound.

When Mayuzumi woke up the next morning, he groaned. He wasn't prone to hangovers unless he drank well past his limit. He sat up slowly, waiting for the world to stop spinning so much, then looked towards the closest nightstand. He didn't remember much of last night if he was honest, everything past the fourth bar was a bit of a blur, but there was a glass of water on his nightstand. He didn't remember setting that out, nor did he remember writing a note that said "Drink Me."

Mayuzumi picked up the glass and drank it. Then promptly coughed and gagged as it wasn't water, but vodka.

"Ugh, what the fuck?" He looked around to his other nightstand and saw another glass of what was hopefully water next to a bottle of aspirin. There was a sticky note that said, "You're an idiot. Drink this. Sleep. ☺" Kuroko."

"Kuroko?" He talked to Kuroko last night? He was in his house last night?

Oh, whatever. He was still feeling pretty drunk and semi-hungover, so he took a couple pills. Thankfully, this time it was water, then laid back down, intending to get some rest.

He wondered why Kuroko called him an idiot.

This is what he got for going bar hopping with the only person he knows who can keep up with him. It's never a good idea.

It would be a long time before he went out drinking with Kise

again.

* * *

><p>Monkey: Ok, I actually wrote this chapter before I wrote chapter three but here it is now! Thanks for reading!

5. Chapter 5

When Akashi opened the door to ShadowsX, the last thing he expected to hear was Kuroko's moan.

"Jeez Kuroko, you're going to give people the wrong idea," came Mayuzumi's voice right after.

Akashi cleared his throat, drawing their attention to him. "I think it's too late for that."

He walked further into the shop, noticing that Himuro wasn't around. More often than not, the body piercer wasn't there on the days Akashi went. He walked over to the two tattoo artists and saw that Kuroko was getting tattooed and Mayuzumi's face was between Kuroko's legs. Akashi raised a brow at them in curiosity, "Um?"

"Morning, Akashi." Kuroko greeted.

Mayuzumi gave a two-fingered wave. "I'm tattooing Kuroko's thigh and," he added a bit more color, causing Kuroko to groan, "he's got a shitty pain tolerance." He smirked when Kuroko half-heartedly smacked his head.

Akashi nodded in understanding and quietly took a seat beside them to watch the process. Kuroko was wearing a long t-shirt that covered just enough of himself since he wasn't wearing any pants. Mayuzumi was in the midst of tattooing a large cluster of hibiscus flowers on Kuroko's right inner thigh.

"It's my day off today, so I figured now is," Kuroko winced, "a good a time as any to get this done."

Mayuzumi appeared to have no problems being so close to Kuroko's crotch while the blue-haired tattoo artist winced and panted and moaned.

It was fascinating watching Kuroko squirming under Mayuzumi like this. "Is this your first time tattooing him?"

"Second. He's got a garter I did for him on his other thigh." He tried to be as gentle as he could, but Kuroko still continued to wince. "I think Kuroko just likes having me between his legs." He winked when Kuroko glared at him.

"Aren't you going to call me sweetheart?"

"I did that by accident with your other tattoo, and you nearly bit my head off."

"I was in pain."

"Aren't you currently too?" Mayuzumi paused, regarding Kuroko with curious eyes. The smaller man gave him a blank stare, but his eyes slowly lowered to his thigh where Mayuzumi was working. The silver-haired tattoo artist hid a smile and said, "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"Fuck off."

Mayuzumi cackled and went to pick up more color. Akashi watched with amusement as Kuroko gasped out loud the moment he went back to work.

Akashi pulled out his phone to do a bit of work as Kuroko and Mayuzumi settled from some light banter that started shortly after that. There was always too much work to do and there were too many expectations and all he wanted was perfect control over everything, but it wasn't possible and things went so wrong sometimes and Akashi was expected to fix everything. He had to be able to if he was going to take over the damn company.

He wasn't even asked if he wanted to—"he didn't. But he would, probably just to spite his father.

Akashi looked up at one of Kuroko's particularly louder groans. "Does it really hurt that much?"

"No," Kuroko said, unconvincingly.

"Kuroko's probably gonna pass out; it's nothing to worry about." Mayuzumi shrugged. "I've had skins pass out, vomit, cry, I've seen others just take it with a little wince here and there, everyone's different." Mayuzumi paused for a bit, staring up at Kuroko. He glanced at Akashi, "Hey, pass me that pillow."

Akashi put his phone down and took hold of the pink fluffy pillow on the table behind him and handed it to Mayuzumi.

Kuroko intercepted it and clutched it tightly, holding it close to his chest.

Mayuzumi regarded his skin for a bit. "I'm almost done, think you can hold out?"

Kuroko shook his head, pouting as he shifted the pillow to cover part of his face. "Keep going."

"You sure?"

Kuroko nodded. He looked at Akashi. "Don't let this scare you."

"I'm more worried for you."

The blue-haired man closed his eyes and adjusted the pillow to rest his face on it more comfortably. "Mayu's gentle."

And with that, Kuroko was out.

Akashi stood up and walked over to them, watching his friend as Mayuzumi sighed before taking a quick break. "Is he going to be ok?"

"He'll be fine." Mayuzumi stretched a bit in his seat, cracking his neck a couple times. He went back to his original position between Kuroko's legs, shifting them a bit so they'd all be more comfortable. He noticed Akashi staring at him curiously. "I'm not supposed to continue, and I never would for any other skin, but I don't have much left. He'll wake up eventually." He gave Akashi a reassuring smile. "Hope this doesn't scare you off."

"I'm not scared of needles." Akashi went back to his seat, pulled his phone out again and eyed Mayuzumi with interest. "And if Tetsuya trusts you so much, then it must be for a good reason."

Mayuzumi snorted. "That's a lie, but that's nice of you to say."

Akashi noticed with dismay that his phone was dying. "Do you happen to have a phone charger?"

"Yeah, we've got tons; go check that drawer over there," Mayuzumi pointed in the direction of the drawer and went back to the tattoo, frowning the whole time.

Akashi found a charger for his phone and plugged it in, walking back to Mayuzumi and Kuroko just in time for the tattoo artist to give a long sigh.

"What's wrong?"

"Kuroko's such a brat sometimes." Mayuzumi finished up and didn't elaborate on anything. The tattoo was beautiful. It spanned a larger area of Kuroko's inner thigh as there were other tattoos going around the rest of it. The flowers were colored a soft pink, light blue, lavender, silver and white accents with the surrounding leaves in black and a dark gray with bits of dark green throughout. Mayuzumi put the anti-bacterial ointment on Kuroko, covered the tattoo with a bandage then went about cleaning his station. When he finished, Kuroko was still out cold. Mayuzumi covered him with a purple blanket they had lying around after he searched everywhere for something. "I have no idea where his pants are. Where the fuck did they go?" He made Kuroko comfortable, ruffling his hair a bit, then sat down on the couch by the front counter. "Come over here; let him sleep a bit."

Akashi went towards him, taking a spot beside Mayuzumi on the couch that had only recently been added to the shop. "Where's Tatsuya?"

"Day off. Probably on a date with Murasakibara." Mayuzumi stretched on the couch, putting his arm around the back of the couch, right where Akashi was sitting. "I've been craving some lemon pudding cake."

"It sounds good."

"It is. I'll ask Murasakibara to make some for us sometime if you want."

"I'd like that."

Mayuzumi realized that he hardly knew anything about Akashi. When Kuroko came into his life, it was calmly, and they bonded over shared interests before deciding to open a shop together. They have a playful friendship, but it was nice. When Kise came into his life, he practically bulldozed his way into it, breaking down any barriers Mayuzumi may have had. They had a very strange friendship, but it definitely grew on him. But with Akashiâ€"whom Mayuzumi thought he'd have an instant bond with since he's Kuroko's friendâ€"they have been tentatively around each other, not really talking to each other. For whatever reasonâ€"maybe having Kise in his life made him a masochistâ€"he wanted to know more about this redhead that kept waltzing into his shop. This redhead who looked really good in a suit, but Mayuzumi wanted to see him in casual clothing.

Maybe less.

Ok, wow, Mayuzumi reeled his thoughts back in and came back to the present, sitting with Akashi on the couch as Kuroko was still passed out in the room next to them.

The conversation lulled, and Mayuzumi gave Akashi a lazy stare, watching with interest as the smaller man looked back at him unwaveringly. "Tell me about yourself."

"What about me?"

"Well, I don't know much about you," Mayuzumi began, "I know your name, you're a big name in terms of inheriting a company, you come here when you're bored, and you claim you'll get a tattoo, but I have yet to believe that."

Akashi smirked. "I keep my word. Eventually I'll walk out of here with ink on my skin."

"Have you been thinking about what to get?"

"I've been thinking plenty, but nothing has jumped out at me."

Mayuzumi leaned his head back onto the couch. "No rush." He brought a hand up to lightly playing with the ends of Akashi's hair. The redhead shivered a bit but didn't pull away from him. "So, what's it like to be a future company owner?"

"How about you tell me what got you into tattooing?"

"Ah, deflecting, guess I have to have be at a certain level of friendship to unlock your tragic backstory?"

"It's not that tragic."

Mayuzumi chuckled. "Well, I got into tattooing because I've always been able to draw, and it's fun to leave your art on someone else's body." Silver eyes stared at the ceiling. "There's no big, important reason or anything, just something I like to do."

"Mmm. And you and Tetsuya?"

"How about you and Kuroko?"

Akashi froze, wondering if Mayuzumi was talking about what happened a couple weeks back. According to Kuroko, all Mayuzumi did was ask Kuroko whether he was in his house the other day, then when Kuroko said he was an idiot, Mayuzumi accepted it and never brought it up. He also never mentioned that he thought Kuroko and Akashi were dating. "Tetsuya and I don't own a tattoo shop together."

"True. All signs pointed to it being a bad idea but here we are." Mayuzumi lazily waved a hand around. "First it was us then it was Himuro. We seem to be doing pretty well."

"How many tattoos do you have?" By now, Akashi had turned in his seat just enough so he sat facing Mayuzumi, who mirrored his movements.

Mayuzumi couldn't hold back a grin. "I'll leave that to your imagination. And anyway, I want to know more about you."

"Why?"

Mayuzumi quirked a brow at how unreadable Akashi seemed. But Mayuzumi was used to Kuroko's extreme and semi-permanent poker face and Akashi still had a ways to go. He thought it was cute. He pretended to think it all over. "You're interesting. I'm curious about you." If he had blinked, he would have missed the tiny break in Akashi's facade with a small blush that was gone in an instant.

"I'm really not that interesting," Akashi looked away from him, towards the room where Kuroko was still out.

"How about you let me be the judge of that?" Mayuzumi reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. "I don't even have your number." He handed it to Akashi, who stared at it for a bit before putting in his information. He handed it back, then Mayuzumi tapped away at the screen while Akashi went back to looking around the shop.

"Akashi."

The redhead turned to look at Mayuzumi just in time for the silver-haired man to snap a picture of him. "Did you just take a picture?"

"I needed a contact picture."

"Please delete that."

"Don't worry, you look great."

"Chihiro."

"Seijurou."

Akashi froze with an expression on his face that was hard to describe, but Mayuzumi had to snap a picture of. He grinned. "Sorry, I think I've been hanging around Kise too much."

Akashi could attest to that. But apparently, Mayuzumi didn't know that.

His phone rang, charging in the other room with Kuroko. Akashi went to get it while Mayuzumi went to social media. He wasn't too big a fan--neither he nor Kuroko were--and none of them updated their tattoo pictures often, but Mayuzumi did a really cool peacock piece on someone's back the other day and he meant to upload that.

Akashi came back, just finishing a call. "Alright, I understand." He hung up and looked at Mayuzumi. "Delete the picture."

"The first or the second?"

Mayuzumi couldn't help but laugh when Akashi frowned at him. "Will Tetsuya be ok? He didn't wake up when the phone rang."

The other man went over to Kuroko, who was sleeping soundly. Mayuzumi checked that Kuroko was comfortable, moving the blanket around to cover him better, lightly ruffling his hair and gently pushing it away from his face. "He's had a long day, that tattoo took about four hours with a couple breaks because he was squirming too much earlier." Mayuzumi looked around once more for Kuroko's pants but figured they were a lost cause. He was sure Kuroko had a spare one in his locker anyway. He found a water bottle and left it out for Kuroko once he woke up. "I'm surprised he lasted as long as he did."

"So does he pass out with other tattoo artists?"

"Not if the tattoo is small." Mayuzumi lifted the blanket slowly to show off Kuroko's thighs which were starting to become covered with tattoos. Akashi had seen them the other day when Kuroko slept over his house but he didn't get too good a look. Mayuzumi made sure the blanket covered plenty of Kuroko and pointed to a red, black and white garter that was wrapped all the way around the top of Kuroko's left thigh, really close to his crotch area. It was lacy with carefully detailed designs and cute with a bow on it. "That one took more than six hours, and he passed out twice. I kept waiting for him to wake up, but it was a rough tattoo. He was out for most of the day." Mayuzumi carefully covered Kuroko back up, hoped the blue-haired man wouldn't get mad for exposing him like that, and looked over at Akashi.

He nodded sympathetically. "Must be hard on him."

"Yeah, but he loves tattoos. Gotta make that sacrifice."

Akashi finally noticed that there hadn't been any clients so far, and Mayuzumi wasn't making any motion to setting up his station again. Especially if Kuroko was still sleeping in his chair. "Do you have other customers today?"

"I rescheduled them, so I could just do Kuroko's today."

"You're really sweet to him."

"No, I'm not and don't let him hear you say that, he'll eat me alive."

"I think you can handle him."

"I don't know, he might give me a run for my money."

His phone wasn't done charging, but there were already emails and texts waiting for him. He had those notifications on a lower volume so they wouldn't be too annoying, but it turned out he didn't even hear them while he was talking to Mayuzumi. Akashi replied to a text he got about work and sighed tiredly. He was too young to feel this drained. It never ended.

"Hey, do you want to go out?"

Akashi nearly dropped his phone. "What?"

Mayuzumi glanced at the clock on the wall beside them. "Well, it's just about lunch time; we can wake Kuroko up and we can go grab something to eat."

"Oh." Fuck, for a moment he had gotten his hopes up. He took in a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Sure."

Mayuzumi looked back at Kuroko who had been softly snoring for a while now. "Actually, I'm sure he'll be fine if I just lock the place up. We'll be back soon." He searched for his keys and wallet, closed the door to the room with his station in it and started to walk out of the store. He looked back when he noticed Akashi wasn't following him. "You coming?"

Akashi stared at him. "Alright."

Mayuzumi paused as he stood under the threshold of the shop. He tapped something on his phone, then smiled before putting it away. "Come on."

Akashi took a step forward before his phone beeped. He nearly swore if his employees couldn't keep the company afloat without him checking over every tiny little thing 24/7, he had little hope for their future. He might have to do a mass layoff and get more competent people. But when he unlocked his phone and saw he had a picture message from an unknown number, he frowned. He opened the message only to see a picture of himself, sitting on the couch looking up at Mayuzumi with a cute yet confused expression when Mayuzumi got his attention earlier out of nowhere! and a caption that said: 'Cute' followed by an emoji with its tongue sticking out.

"Chihiro!"

Mayuzumi went back into the shop and took a hold of Akashi's hand. "Come on, I'm hungry. Let's go." He easily dragged Akashi out of the store and thought to himself that he should tone down his interactions with Kise because he was starting to rub off on him.

He let go of his hand once they were fully outside. Mayuzumi started walking in one direction, and Akashi was quick to follow. "Are we walking there?"

"Yeah, I know a place that's really good and it's close by."

When Akashi had the chance, he saved Mayuzumi's number as "Chihiro" with an emoji of a tree, to remind Akashi of that amazing back tattoo the silver-haired man had. He wondered how Mayuzumi had saved his

name into his own phone.

It was a couple hours later when Kuroko finally awoke, feeling well rested but with a dull throb in his inner thigh. He stretched, pushing the blanket off him and looking around. Neither Mayuzumi nor Akashi were there, but there was a vanilla shake with a note on it.

Kuroko had to wonder how Mayuzumi was able to time his vanilla shakes well enough that they were still nice and cold for whenever Kuroko wanted them.

Whatever. He wasn't complaining.

He took the shake first, savoring its taste after a long day for him. Then he picked up the note.

'Hanging out with Akashi, be back later.'

Kuroko hummed and knew he'd be texting Akashi later to get all the details.

He played with the edges of the bandages, eager to take them off so he could see his new tattoo. Actually, he just noticed he still wasn't wearing any pants (not that he wanted Mayuzumi to dress him--they were close but that was pushing too many of Kuroko's boundaries) and a glance around the area resulted in no sighting of the pants.

Oh well. The vanilla shake, his new tattoo and his matchmaking plans slowly progressing were enough to make this a good day.

But seriously, he should probably find his pants.

* * *

><p>Monkey: Wow, I didn't think I'd update so fast lol. Thanks for reading and for the favorites/alerts/reviews! You guys are great! **

End
file.